Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,
To sinowy *Aiax*, I will not praise thy wisdome,
Which like a boord: a pale, a shore confines
This spacious and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*,
Instructed by the antiquary times:
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise,
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,
You should not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?
Nest. I my good Sonne.
Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.
Vliss. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*,
Keepes thicket, please't our great generall,
To call together all his state of warre,
Fresh Kings are come to Troy, To morrow
We must with all our maine of power stand fast,
And here's a Lord come Knights from East to West
And call their flower, *Aiax* shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to counsell, let *Achilles* sleepe,
Light boates saile swift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.
Enter Pandarus. (*Exeunt*,
Pan. Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the yong Lord *Paris*. *Man*. I sir when he goes before mee.
Pan. You depend vpon him I meane.
Man. Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.
Pan. You depend vpon a notable gentleman I must needs praise him.
Man. The Lord be praized?
Pan. You know me? doe you not?
Man. Faith sir superficially.
Pan. Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.
Man. I hope I shall know your honour better?
Pan. I do desire it.
Man. You are in the state of grace?
Pan. Grace? not so friend, honour and Lordship are my titles, what musicke is this?
Man. I do but partly know sir, it is musick in partes.

Pan.

Pan. Know you the musicians?
Man. Wholy sir. *Pan*. Who play they to?
Man. To the hearers sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure friend?
Man. At mine sir, and theirs that loue musicke.
Pan. Command I meane?
Man. Who shall I command sir?
Pan. Friend we vnderstand not one another, I am too courtly and thou too cunning, at whose request do these men play?
Man. Thats to't indeed sir? marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who is there in person, with him the mortall Venus, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuisible soule.
Pan. Who my cozen *Cressida*.
Man. No sir, *Hellen*, could not you finde out that by her attributes.
Pan. It should seeme fellow thou hast not seene the Lady *Cressid*. I come to speake with *Paris*, from the Prince *Troylus*. I will make a complementall assault vpon him for my businesse seeth's.
Man. Sodden businesse, theirs a stew'd phrase indeed.
Enter Paris and Hellen.
Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company, faire desires in all faire measure fairlie guide them, especially to you faire Queene faire thoughts be your faire pillow.
Hel. Dere Lord you are full of faire words.
Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweet Queene, Faire Prince here is good broken musicke.
Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life, you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*. he is full of harmony.
Pan: Truely Lady no: *Hel*: O sir:
Pan: Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.
Paris: Well said my Lord, well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I haue, businesse to my Lord deere Queene? my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.
Hel. Nay this shall not hedge vs out, weele here you sing certainely:
Pan: Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with mee; but, marry,